

# Old Lady Number 31

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"The Story of Sarah"  
"The Ship of Dreams"  
Etc.

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

His face lightened. The weight of the shock passed. He threw off the awe of the glad news. He smiled the smile of a happy child.

"Naow, mother, we kin buy back our old chair, the rocker with the red roses onto it. Seems ter me them roses must 'a' knowed all the time that this was a-goin' ter happen. They was jest as pert 'n' sassy that last day."

Angy laughed. She laughed softly and with unutterable pride in her husband.

"Why, father, don't yer see yew kin buy back the old chair, an' the old place, too, an' then have plenty ter spare?"

"So we kin, mother, so we kin," he nodded his head, surprised. He plunged his hands into his pockets, as if expecting to find them filled with gold. "Wonder ef Sam'l wouldn't lend me a dollar or so in small change. Ef I only had somethin' ter jingle, mebbe I could git closer to this fact." He drew her to him, and gave her waist a jovial squeeze. "Hy-guy, mother, we're rich! Hain't it splendid?"

Their laughter rang out together—trembling, near-to-tears laughter. The old place, the old chair, the old way, and—plenty! Plenty to mend the shingles. Aye, plenty to rebuild the house, if they chose. Plenty with which to win back the smiles of Angy's garden. The dreadful dream of need, and lack, and want, of feeding at the hand of charity, was gone by.

Plenty! Ah, the goodness and greatness of God! Plenty! Abe wanted to cry it out from the housetops. He wanted all the world to hear. He wished that he might gather his wealth together and drop it piece by piece among the multitude. To give where he had been given, to blossom with abundance where he had withered with penury!

The little wife read his thoughts. "We'll save jest enough for ourselves fer keep us in comfort the rest of our lives an' bury us decent."

They were quiet a long while, both sitting with bowed heads as if in prayer; but presently Angy raised her face with an exclamation of dismay:

"Don't it beat all, that it happened jest tew late ter git in this week's Shoreline Herald!"

"Tew late!" exclaimed the new-fledged capitalist. "Thar hain't nothin' tew late fer a man with money. We'll hire the editor tew git out another paper, fast thing terrorr!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### "Our Beloved Brother."

The services of the "Shoreline Herald," however, were not required to spread the news. The happiest and proudest couple on Long Island saw their names with the story of their sudden accession to wealth in a great New York daily the very next morning.

A tall, old gentleman with a real "barber's hair cut," a shining, new high hat, a suit of "store clothes" which fitted as if they had been made for him, a pair of fur gloves, and brand-new ten-dollar boots; and a remarkably pretty, old lady in a violet bonnet, a long black velvet cape, with new shoes as well as new kid gloves, and a big silver-fox muff—this was the couple that found the paper spread out on the hall table at the Old Ladies' Home, with the sisters gathered around it, peering at it, weeping over it, laughing, both sorrowing and rejoicing.

"This 'll be good-by ter Brother Abe," Aunt Nancy had sniffed when the news came over the telephone the day before; and though Miss Abigail had assured her that she knew Abe would come to see them real often, the matriarch still failed to be consoled. "Hain't you noticed, gals," she persisted, "that thar hain't been a death in the house sence we took him in? An' I missed my reg'lar spell o' bronchitis last winter an' this one tew—so fur," she added dismally, and began to cough and lay her hands against her chest. "That was allus the way when I was a young'un," she continued after a while; "I never had a pet dog or cat or even a tame chicken that it didn't up an' run erway sooner or later. This here loss, gals, 'll be the death o' me! Naow, mark my words!"

Then followed a consultation among the younger sisters, the result of which was that they met Abe in the morning with a unanimous petition. They could neither ask nor expect him to remain; that was impossible, but—

"Hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hooray!" cried Abe, waving an imaginary flag as he entered. "Sam'l dropped us at the gate. Him an' Blossy went on ter see Holmes tew dicker erbout buyin' back the old place. Takes Blossy on'

Sam'l tew dew business. They picked out my clothes between them yist'day afternoon down ter Injun village, in the Emporium. How yew like 'em? Splendid, eh? See my yaller silk handkerchief, tew? We jest dropped in ter git our things. We thought mebbe yew'd want ter slick up the room an' git ready fer the new—"

He was allowed to say no more. The sisters, who had been kissing and hugging Angy one by one, now swooped upon him. He was hugged, too, with warm, generous congratulations, his hands were both shaken until they ached, and his clothes and Angy's silently admired. But no one said a word, for not one of the sisters was able to speak. Angy, thinking that she divined a touch of jealousy, hastened to throw off her wrap and display the familiar old worn silk gown beneath.

"I told Abe I jest wouldn't git a new silk until you each had one made tew. Blossy sent for the samples. Blossy—"

"All I need's a shroud," interrupted Aunt Nancy grimly.

Angy and Abe both stared at her. She did look gray this morning. She did seem feeble and her cough did sound hollow. The other sisters glanced also at Aunt Nancy, and Sarah Jane took her hand, while she nudged Mrs. Homan with her free elbow and Mrs. Homan nudged Ruby Lee and Ruby Lee glanced at Lazy Daisy and Lazy Daisy drewled out meaningly:

"Miss Abigail!"

Then Miss Abigail, twisting the edge of her apron nervously, spoke:

"Much obliged to you I be in behalf o' all the sisters, Brother Abe an' ter Angy tew. We know yew'll treat us right. We know that yew," resting her eyes on Abe's face, "will prove ter be the 'angel unawares' that we been entertainin', but we don't want yew ter waste yer money on a cartload o' silk dresses. All we ask o' yew is jest enough tew allow us ter advertise fer another brother member ter take yer place."

Who could describe the expression that flashed across Abe's face?—hurt, astonishment, wounded pride, jealous incomprehension.

"Ter take my place!" he glanced about the hall defiantly. Who dared to enter there and take his place?—his place!

"This is a old ladies' home," he protested. "What right you got a-takin' in a good-fer-nuthin' old man? Mebbe he'd rob yew er kill yew! When men git ter rampagin', yew can't tell what they might dew."

Sarah Jane nodded her head knowingly, as if to exclaim:

"I told yer so!"

But Miss Abigail hurriedly explained that it was a man and wife that they wanted. She blushed as she added that of course they would not take a man without his wife.

"No, indeed! That'd be highly improper," smirked Ruby Lee.

Then Abe went stamping to the stairway, saying sullenly:

"All right, I'll give yew all the money yew want fer advertisin', an' yew kin say he'll be clothed an' dressed proper, tew, an' supplied with terbaccer an' readin' matter besides; but jest wait till the directors read that advertisement! They had me here sorter pertendin' ter be unbeknownst. Come on, Angy. Let's go upstairs an' git our things. Let's—"

Aunt Nancy half arose from her chair, resting her two shaking hands on the arms of it.

"Brother Abe," she called quaveringly after the couple, "I guess yew kin afford ter fix up any objections o' the directors."

Angy pressed her husband's arm as she joined him in the upper hall.

"Don't you see, Abe. They don't realize that that poor old gentleman, whoever he may be, won't be yew. They jest know that yew was yew; an' they want ter git another jest as near like yew as they kin."

Abe grunted, yet nevertheless went half-way down stairs again to call more graciously to the sisters that he would give them a reference any time for knowing how to treat a man just right.

"That feller 'll be lucky, gals," he added in tremulous tones. "I hope he'll appreciate yew as I allers done."

Then Abe went to join Angy in the room which the sisters had given to him that bitter day when the cry of his heart had been very like unto:

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!"

After all, what was there of his and Angy's here? Their garments they did not need now. They would leave them behind for the other old couple that was to come. There was nothing else but some simple gifts. He took up a pair of red wristlets that Mrs. Homan had knit, and tucked them in his new overcoat pocket. He also took Abigail's bottle of "Jockey Club" which he had despised so a few days ago, and tucked that in his watch pocket. When he bought himself a watch, he would buy a new clock for the dining-room down stairs, too—a clock with no such atheistic strike as the present one possessed. All his personal belongings—every one of them gifts—he found room for in his pockets. Angy had even less than he. Yet they had come practically with nothing—and compared with that nothing, what they carried now seemed much. Angy hesitated over the pillow-shams. Did they belong to them or to the new couple to come? Abe gazed at the shams too. They had been given to him and Angy last Christmas by all the sisters. They were white muslin with white cambric frills, and in their centers was embroidered in turkey-red cotton, "Mother," on one pillow, "Father," on the other. Every sister in the Home had taken at least one stitch in the names.

Father and Mother—not Angy and Abe! Why Father and Mother? A year ago no one could have foreseen the fortune, nor have prophesied the possession of the room by another elderly couple.

Angy drew near to Abe, and Abe to Angy. They locked arms and stood looking at the pillows. He saw, and she saw, the going back to the old bedroom in the old home across the woods and over the field—the going back. And in sharp contrast they each recalled the first time that they had stepped beneath that roof nearly half a century ago—the first home-coming—when her mother-heart and his father-heart had been filled with the hope of children—children to bless their marriage, children to complete their home, children to love, children to feed them with love in return.

"Let's adopt some leetle folks," said Angy, half in a whisper. "I'm afraid the old place'll seem lonesome without—"

"Might better adopt the sisters," he spoke almost gruffly. "I allers did think young 'uns would be the most comfort tew yew after they growed up."

"A baby is dretful cunnin'," Angy persisted. "But," she added sadly, "I don't suppose a teetthin' mite would find much in common with us."

"Anyway," vowed Abe, suddenly beginning to unfasten the pillow-shams, "these belong ter us, an' I'm a-goin' ter take 'em."

They went down stairs silently, the shams wrapped in a newspaper carried under his arm.

"Waal, naow,"—he tried to speak cheerfully as they rejoined the others, and he pushed his way toward the dining-room—"I'll go an' git my cup an' sasser."

But Miss Abigail blocked the door, again blushing, again confused.

"That 'Tew-our-Beloved-Brother' cup," she said gently, her eyes not meeting the wound in his, "we 'bout concluded yew'd better leave here fer the one what answers the ad. Yew got so much naow, an' him—"

She did not finish. She could not. She felt rather than saw the blazing of Abe's old eyes. Then the fire beneath his brows died out and a mist obscured his sight.

"Gals," he asked humbly, "would yew ruther have a new 'beloved brother'?"

For a space there was no answer. Aunt Nancy's head was bowed in her hands. Lazy Daisy was openly sobbing. Miss Ellie was twisting her fingers nervously in and out—she unwound them to clutch at Angy's arm as if to hold her. At last Miss Abigail spoke with so unaccustomed a sharpness that her voice seemed not her own:

"Sech a foolish question as that nobody in their sound senses would ask."

Abe sat down in his old place at the fireside and smiled a thousand smiles in one. He smiled and rubbed his hands before the blaze. The blaze itself seemed scarcely more bright and warm than the light from within which transfigured his aged face.

"Gals," he chuckled in his old familiar way, "I dunno how Sam'l Darby 'll take it; but if mother's will-terbaccer an' readin' matter besides; but jest wait till the directors read that advertisement! They had me here sorter pertendin' ter be unbeknownst. Come on, Angy. Let's go upstairs an' git our things. Let's—"

Angy bent down and whispered in his ear: "I'd ruther dew it, tew, father. Anythin' else would seem like goin' a-visitin'. But yew don't want ter go an' blame me," she added anxiously, "ef yew git all riled up an' sick abed ag'in."

"Pshaw, mother," he protested; "yew fergit I was adopted then, naow I be adoptin'. Thar's a big difference." She lifted her face, relieved, and smiled into the relieved and radiant faces of Abe's "children," and her own.

(THE END.)

## YEAR'S SUPPLY OF BABIES

Facts Compiled by Statistician Will Come to Many as Something of a Surprise.

It has been computed that about 36,000,000 babies are born into the world each year. The rate of production is therefore about 70 per minute, or more than one for every beat of the clock.

With the one-a-second calculation every reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find, on the authority of a well-known statistician, that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend around the globe.

The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of 20 a minute, 1,200 an hour, during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would have seen only the sixth part of the infantile host.

In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old boys and girls.

## SAY HELLO GIRLS WORK OVERTIME

VIOLATORS OF 1914 STATUTE REGARDING HOURS OF WORK MAY BE POSTPONED.

## TOWN ALMOST DESTROYED

Business Portion of Sarepta Suffers From Fire—Other State News Notes From Many Points in Condensed Form.

Jackson.—Prosecution on charges of violating the 1914 statute that prohibits firms or corporations from requiring females to work more than 10 hours a day soon will begin in a number of counties against a telephone and telegraph company, according to a statement made by David McDowell, state factory inspector.

Mr. McDowell says that affidavits in some instances have already been filed. In others he has made reports to county attorneys, with the request to prosecute the company.

The inspector declares that in many towns "hello" girls are required to work longer than the limit prescribed in the statute, but that in the cities the law is being obeyed.

## TOWN ALMOST DESTROYED.

Business Portion of Sarepta, Miss.

Laid Waste by Fire.

Pontotoc.—From telephone reports received from Sarepta, Miss., an interior town in Calhoun county, the most of the business part of that town was destroyed by fire. The stores burned were the Sarepta Mercantile company, Leachman's store, Zinn's store and Poynter's store, each a complete loss. The origin of the fire is not known. There was little insurance carried on buildings or stock of any of these firms. The fire was under such headway when discovered that little could be done to save either stock or buildings, as they were of wood and burned rapidly.

## INSIDE VAULT HAD \$350.00

Robbers Are Believed to Have Boarded Train at Sardis En Route to Memphis.

Como.—Yeggmen who cracked the postoffice safe here and made an attempt to blow the safe in the depot, are believed to have boarded a train at Sardis for Memphis. Bloodhounds secured from Senatobia trailed the yeggs six miles to Sardis.

Little money was secured at either place. Postmaster A. M. Patterson states that about \$5 in money and stamps was stolen from the postoffice. The safe blowers, who used nitroglycerine, were unable to reach the inside vault, which held \$350.

At the depot 85 cents was secured from the express company's cash drawer. The thieves evidently exhausted their supply of nitroglycerine, as the force of the explosion was not sufficient to wreck the vault. A discarded nitroglycerine bottle was found on the depot floor. A plow cutter and a cooper's chisel were also left.

## What the Hen Can Do.

Eupora.—One mercantile firm of this city shipped to New York one carload of eggs, consisting of 300 cases or 6,000 dozen. The cotton farmer says present prices mean starvation to him. The farm demonstrator says to remedy this diversify crops. The cattleman says buy thoroughbred beef cattle as a remedy. But the above shipment demonstrates that the plain, old, everyday hen is a factor in relieving the situation, as she is on duty all the time. While Eupora usually ships from 7,000 to 10,000 bales of cotton, it is said that the country produce amounts to more than the cotton crop.

## Plan a Trade Day.

Wesson.—The Wesson Booster club perfected plans for holding their annual trade day fair next October. It will be a two-day fair this year instead of one. Liberal cash prizes will be given for the best exhibition of agriculture products, live stock, swine, poultry, dairy products, canned vegetables, fruits, etc.

## Farmers Sidetrack Cotton.

Greenville.—More corn will be planted than ever before, with a larger acreage to alfalfa and spring oats. The indications point to a reduction in the cotton acreage of at least 15 per cent. The purpose of the planters is to raise enough food and feedstuffs for home consumption and then as much cotton as possible.

## Yazoo City Glistens.

Yazoo City.—Scrubbed, scoured and polished, Yazoo City gleams and glistens like a new silver dollar as a result of a week's clean-up campaign. Mrs. Lillian H. Rhodes, as president of the Equity league, was captain of the forces of dirt and directed her forces with that trained hand that has made her a success in the business world. Mrs. Rhodes made flowers blossom where tin cans formerly thrived; converted garbage heaps into ornamental mounds, and brought cleanliness and beauty to streets and vacant lots.

## MONTHLY TRADE DAY IS PLANNED

FARMERS AND MERCHANTS TO MEET IN JACKSON TO ARRANGE DETAILS.

## INTEREST IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

Tupelo Will Entertain the State Sunday School Association April 7, 8 and 9—Committee Now at Work.

On March 27, there will be an important meeting held in the rooms of the Jackson board of trade, which will be for the purpose of arranging details for the holding of a series of monthly trade days. It is expected that the first of these will be on Saturday, April 3. In order to determine details, leading Jackson merchants will call into conference all the farmers of the Jackson territory within a radius of 40 or 50 miles.

A committee, consisting of Frank G. Lemly, H. E. Blakeslee, G. W. Sis trunk and J. Marshall Moore, is engaged in an outline of the preliminary program, and is sending a circular letter to every farmer and stock raiser in the territory, inviting them to the Saturday conference, a number of whom have already been heard from.

## Interest in S. S. Work.

Rev. W. Fred Long, general field secretary for the Mississippi Sunday School association, is advised that the people of Tupelo have organized a committee on entertainment, headed by W. X. Wilson, an enthusiastic worker.

The committee is engaged in enlisting the co-operation of every household in Tupelo in the matter of taking care of visitors. The convention dates are April 7, 8 and 9, and these will be three busy days.

The yearly Mississippi Sunday School convention is one of the most representative bodies of Mississippi citizenship, comprising both men and women.

The fact that Tupelo has been selected as the convention city is considered an honor to that progressive metropolitan center of North Mississippi.

## Y. M. C. A. Meet.

Blake W. Godfrey, state secretary in Mississippi for the Young Men's Christian association, is busy working up the details for the state conference to be held here April 11 and 13.

Hitherto Mississippi has been grouped along with other states adjoining, but after conference with leaders and organizers it was decided that the conditions were favorable to an entire intrastate organization. The meeting scheduled for April will be the first under the new regime, and it is stated that the Mississippi Y. M. C. A. will be permanently organized, officers chosen, and general plans for conducting the work among young men will be satisfactorily arranged.

State Superintendent of Education Smith has returned from a visit to the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical college. He delivered an address there to a full attendance.

## Few Enterprises Recorded.

The cash record books of the secretary of state furnish a fair indication of the general falling off in the organization of capital in the lines of industrial activity during the past 13 months. Up to the present time, for March, the entire cash receipts, according to Secretary Powers' books, amounted to \$689.85, and there is no likelihood of a material increase. Since January, 1915, the new corporations chartered in Mississippi have been confined to mercantile concerns, with an average capital of \$10,000, with a few industrial enterprises recorded.

## For Canning Clubs.

Miss Susie V. Powell, director of the Girls' Canning clubs in Mississippi, has issued the following, setting forth conditions for the annual contest:

Every girl contesting for a prize must have cultivated a tenth acre garden according to instructions. Each entry must consist of (1) exhibit, (2) daily record book, (3) booklet giving history of work based on circular No. 489. No contestant shall enter more than one class. Each exhibit will be limited to the number and size of jars specified. The brand labeled with name and address of exhibitor is required on every jar. All specimens must be put up by recipes furnished in bulletin to club members by the state agent. Individual prizes may be offered for each item in each class.

## \$6,000 Verdict.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Tribble vs. Jackson Light and Traction company returned a verdict awarding plaintiff \$6,000 damages.

Mrs. Tribble brought suit for the death of her little 7-year-old girl, Evelyn, who was run over and killed by a street car last November.

The jury was out only a short time. Members of the panel stated that the only point under dispute was the amount of the verdict, and \$6,000 was finally adopted as a compromise.

## Are You Giving Your Body A Square Deal?

Read

### "The Ills of Life"

This free booklet is a plain statement of plain people as to their experience with Peruna. They have used Peruna. They know what they are talking about. Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers, Grandfathers and grandchildren. They all speak. Instructive reading. Send for one.

Peruna is a standard household remedy for coughs, colds and catarrh. It is also a slight laxative. An admirable remedy for old and young. It is a great saving in doctor's bills to have Peruna in the house. It is also convalescent.

If your druggist does not happen to have Peruna in stock order it direct from us. \$1.00 a bottle, \$5.00 for six. We pay transportation charges. Peruna wins its own way. One bottle will convince you.

THE PERUNA COMPANY,

Columbus, Ohio



### When Like Meets Like.

The caller at the teller's window was very bald, but the teller inside had him beaten by a hair's breadth. There was still a straggling fringe around the outer border of the caller's head, while the teller's had long reached the stage when he brushed his head with a towel.

The caller had evidently imbibed rather freely that day.

He took a long look at the teller, smiled a smirking, quizzical smile, then reached into his vest pocket and extracted a fat cigar.

"Shey, old teller," he mumbled, thrusting the cigar between the window bars, "have one on me. Anybody that's as baldheaded as you deserves a treat!"

### New System.

"When you get out of this penitentiary," said the warden, you'll be able to earn your own living and look the world in the face."

"I hope so," answered the prisoner. "But I want you to promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"There's a lot of these people who don't want to see me get along. Don't you let them put up any schemes to get me fired out of here before my term is completed."

### Too Hard for Them.

"If the English were fighting on the Russian and Polish border there is one report which never could be made of them."

"What's that?"

"That they were meeting with pronounced successes."

### And Not in Vain.

Mrs. Bridget (in china shop)—"But I only want the teapot and the sugar bowl. Don't you break the sets?"

Clerk—"No, ma'am. We generally leave that to the servants of our customers."

### A Variation.

"Is the five-cent loaf a thing of the past?"

"No. It's still possible to loaf an hour in a picture show for that price."

### Very Much So.

"I heard of a duel lately which was fought with wax bullets."

"That was quite a cereous matter."

Nothing worries some women like troubles that failed to develop.

Twenty-nine states are now producing coal on a commercial scale.

## Books—Food

To make good use of knowledge, one needs a strong body and a clear brain—largely a matter of right food.

## Grape-Nuts FOOD

contains proper nutriment for building body and brain—for renewing the tissue cells that are exhausted daily by work and play.

Grape-Nuts food is made from wheat and barley—contains all their nutriment, including those vital mineral salts found under the outer coat, which are especially necessary for the daily upkeep of nerves and brain.

"There's a Reason" for

## Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere